

FREIGHTING IN ARIZONA IN THE 60'S WAS NO DULL TASK AS JIM ALLEN RECALLS IT

Back in the old days when Phoenix was inhabited mostly by rattlesnakes and Gila monsters and when mesquite thickets covered sites now occupied by business houses Jim Allen was driving a freighter through this country. He now lives at 19 East Van Buren street.

Jim Allen came out here in 1866 as a soldier in the First cavalry and remained in Arizona as a teamster and freighter for the government until the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when he entered the conflict. After receiving his discharge he returned to Phoenix where he has made his home ever since.

In relating the events of the early days, Mr. Allen showed a keen appreciation of the humor often to be found in the most dangerous situations. Illustrative of this, he recalled an overland expedition in 1869 when he was a freighter for Dr. John Jones' train.

"We were about seven miles from a government camp at Date creek when a Mohave Indian came to us with a warning that a band of Tonto Apaches were planning to attack the train," he said.

"The Mohave wanted protection, so we sent him back to the cook wagon where he concealed himself. The cook was a Mexican who prepared the meals at night and slept through the hot daylight hours. Suddenly, he was aware that the Mohave sought safety in his domain.

"Most of us regarded the warning as a false alarm. We were comparatively close to the government camp and sufficient in our own numbers to defend ourselves against the average small straggling band of outlaw Indians. So the actual attack, about an hour later, came as a surprise. The Indians came from the same direction, making a broadside toward the train. We all clambered off the wagons on the side opposite the attackers. We were made certain that the Indians were bent on plunder and not murder, so most of us paused at a safe distance and watched. The Mexican cook was in the lead, close behind him was the Mohave Indian. The Mohave was in mortal fear of the Tonto Apaches. He realized that members of the opposing tribe would rather have his life than that of any white man, and he kept right on running when the rest of us stopped.

"The Mexican cook, glancing back, thought he was being pursued and thickened his pace. The Mohave, seeking company in flight, sought to overtake the Mexican. And so the race increased in interest to the spectators until the Mexican, exhausted upon the sands of the desert. The Indian, in stopping to pick him up, realized that the rest of us had turned from fugitives to spectators and the chase ended in a laugh.

"In the meantime the Apaches were looting the train. They seemed to be concentrating their interest upon the flour sacks. Flour was of little concern to them, but the sacks were considered excellent for the making of the squaw. So the flour was tied out upon the ground and the cloth sacks carefully tucked away in the custody of the soldiers. The rest of the mules from their harness and took them."

Jim Allen headed a train through Phoenix in 1867, a year before it was settled. He crossed the Gila river with a load for Fort McDowell, but found it impossible to make any salt river crossing at the usual place, so he cut a new road through the present heart of Phoenix and made his way to Wickenburg, crossing the Gila about where Seventh street now touches the river.

"In getting through the present site of Phoenix I had to cross the river quite brush and rattlesnakes," he said. "I killed 13 rattlesnakes with my blacksnake whip."

It was just before reaching Fort McDowell on this trip that 200 Apaches surrendered themselves to the government authorities at the post. At the time of the surrender, two Apache Indians were confined in the guard house, an adobe structure. While the soldiers were at mess one of the two prisoners managed to escape and force his way into the ammunition house where he seized an armload of guns and ammunition and returned to the guard house. The loss was quickly discovered and the soldiers surrounded the guard house.

Shooting started just about the time Allen arrived with his train. The two Indians fired upon the soldiers after barricading themselves in the guard house. When their shots were returned the Indians crawled up into the chimney for protection. A soldier managed to crawl on the roof and shooting down the chimney killed one of the Indians. The other was well supplied with guns and ammunition and kept the soldiers at a distance.

In attempting to locate the Apache the soldiers pierced a hole into the adobe wall, and a guide, Joe Green, volunteered to look into the guard house. As he placed his eye at the hole, the prisoner made a lunge with his bayonet, running it through the wall and through Green's body, killing him instantly. The Indian then fell upon the floor of the guard house.

OLD CENTER STREET SCHOOL



This building was erected in the spring of 1879. Later an addition was built to it. The building now is torn down.

Oldest Pioneer In Attendance the Opening Day At The Reunion

In seeking the pioneer in attendance at the reunion in Phoenix yesterday who has lived the greatest number of years in Arizona the honor fell to James Pearce, Taylor, Arizona, who came to Arizona in 1858 and therefore has lived in this state 63 years.

Other pioneers at the reunion who have lived in Arizona for 50 or more years are as follows:

63 Years
James Pearce, Taylor, Ariz.

50 Years
Mrs. Lizzie K. Steele, Ajo, Ariz.
(The first American born child in state.)

48 Years
W. Fourr, Dragoon, Ariz.

47 Years
T. D. Sanders, Clarkdale, Ariz.

47 Years
J. W. Osborn, 715 E. Portland, Phoenix, Arizona.

Mrs. T. Shumaker, Phoenix, R. S. (Formerly Mrs. Jack Swilling.)

45 Years
R. J. Holmes, 903 Hawthood, Road, Phoenix, Ariz.

Mrs. Winchester Miller, Tempe, W. W. Jones, Tempe.

Edward Riley, Prescott, Ariz.

45 Years
J. P. Waldron, 427 W. Jefferson, Phoenix.

Mrs. L. J. Fourr, Dragoon, Ariz.

44 Years
George Hamilton, 1130 E. Monroe St., Phoenix.

43 Years
John S. Brannaman, Price, Ariz.

Mrs. Anna Gray, Tombstone.

43 Years
C. S. Johnson, Phoenix.

Ed. B. Wiggins, 13 E. Buchanan, Phoenix.

42 Years
James Johnson, Mesa, Arizona.

L. E. Williamson, Prescott.

Henry Zeuner, Price, Ariz.

41 Years
Johnathan Black-County Farm.

41 Years
W. L. Teel, R. F. D., Phoenix.

41 Years
Mrs. Teel, N. Central Ave.

41 Years
Thomas Smith, Williams, Ariz.

41 Years
John Richards, R. 4 Phoenix.

41 Years
Ethelne Osborn, 1216 W. Monroe.

41 Years
Frank Miller, Phoenix, Ariz.

41 Years
J. D. Morrell, 1117 E. McKinley, Phoenix.

40 Years
H. F. Winton, 1311 N. 12th St.

40 Years
D. F. Williams, Mesa, Ariz.

40 Years
Mrs. Lola Collins, 308 E. Van Buren, City.

40 Years
R. L. Brady, Phoenix.

40 Years
W. L. Peterson, Phoenix.

40 Years
N. P. Moore, Phoenix.

40 Years
Ramona Garcia, 607 S. 5th Ave., Phoenix.

Prescott's history, Bowers said. The places of this nature were about the only amusements afforded the men, the rest of the time, the soldiers played to the audience.

Early in the 80's, Mr. Bowers' father, Edward F. Bowers, was sheriff of Yavapai county. Shortly after his induction to office, he was strangled, reputed "bad men from Texas," arrived. After shooting up the town, they rode to the outskirts of the city, where they encountered a cowpuncher headed for Prescott.

"We've killed every sheriff we've turned up here," he was going to kill you," they told the cowpuncher. "Send him out here if he's got any backbone," was the message they conveyed to Sheriff Bowers by the cowboy.

Sheriff Bowers and his men immediately set out to find the men, fearing they were going to strike and drive to another locality. After riding about three miles, they caught sight of the two Texans a short distance ahead.

As the sheriff's party approached the strangers the Texans opened fire. Sheriff Bowers' horse was shot from under him. His father came to his aid, but his horse was hit, a bill book in his vest pocket saving him.

One of the Texans was killed instantly and the other mortally wounded, dying in Prescott a few hours later. Sheriff Bowers was re-elected for a second term, many gave their lives in an attempt to drive them from their stronghold, he continued.

Stage robbing was a popular pastime during the early days, Mr. Bowers declared. It was the general belief in Prescott that men living in the vicinity of the city often participated in these holdups. Becoming short of funds, they would plan the robbery, always returning to Prescott after the robbery was completed.

The old fashioned frontier saloon and dance hall was a conspicuous resort during the early period of settlement.

"We came over by the old immigrant road, by Pachuca, and camped there. There were soldiers stationed there and the Indians were on the warpath all the time. The Indians came near getting my scalp, too, and that of another girl, on the San Pedro river, where we were now. Like children, we went to gather wild flowers and wandered a little too far from the camp. An Indian was crawling up on us when a man on the wagon, on the lookout, saw our danger and called to us. After that we were afraid to leave the camp. We went on to Tucson, where we stopped for two days to rest our teams.

After our marriage, Mr. Fourr tried to arrive by the Gila river. The Indians were too bothersome. They stole 60 head of cattle while we were on the river. The Indians came near getting my scalp, too, and that of another girl, on the San Pedro river, where we were now. Like children, we went to gather wild flowers and wandered a little too far from the camp. An Indian was crawling up on us when a man on the wagon, on the lookout, saw our danger and called to us. After that we were afraid to leave the camp. We went on to Tucson, where we stopped for two days to rest our teams.

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WHERE GOODRICH BUILDING NOW STANDS



This picture shows the northwest corner of Central avenue and Washington street in 1883. The Central Pharmacy now is on the corner.

YUMA PENITENTIARY SCENE OF GENERAL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE

A wholesale attempt at escape by prisoners of the old Arizona penitentiary at Yuma, October 27, 1887, in which Superintendent Gates was seriously wounded, three prisoners killed and two others shot, is one of the events of early Arizona history well remembered by a big majority of pioneers.

The delivery had evidently been carefully planned by a number of the inmates. As Superintendent Gates was making his morning rounds, a convict named Puebla attacked him without warning. This attack was the signal for other convicts to enter the melee, seven of the prisoners taking hand in the assault in addition to Puebla.

Superintendent Gates finally succeeded in working his way into the open. He was surrounded by the convicts, he ordered guards to open fire. During the meantime, one of the convicts, a Mexican named Lopez, had secured a revolver and returned the fire of the guards. Puebla, armed with a long knife, thrust the weapon into Gates' back. He repeated the slashing several times, inflicting in all about a dozen wounds.

Lopez was finally shot down by Guards Portley and Dick Rule. Riggs, a life termer at the penitentiary, rushed to the aid of Superintendent Gates, securing the revolver held by Lopez, fired at Puebla, killing him, as the latter again drew his knife into the prison superintendent.

Lopez secured the weapon from the office of Superintendent Gates, it developed, after breaking into the office's desk. His first shots were directed at Hartley, on the tank station. Hartley, at the time, in obedience to the orders of Mr. Gates, was firing at Puebla, and did not return Lopez' fire. Hartley later on stabbed his gun on Lopez.

After killing Puebla, Riggs directed his attentions to Gates and endeavored to administer first aid treatment. In the meantime, Guard Hartley, captain of the prison yards, was at the same time having a "rattling set" with Rivera, another convict, who was endeavoring to stick a pick into Fredly's head. Fredly succeeded in throwing his arm around Rivera and they both fell down a 20 foot embankment.

During the meantime, Assistant Superintendent John Behan, from inside the prison, arrived on the scene soon as word was endeavoring to stick the uselessness of his attack. John Markle, a nearby resident, heard the pumpos and came out, stopping a convict on his way down the embankment. After being stopped, the man then dropped to the ground, and an examination showed that he had been seriously wounded.

Annie Ragel and August Green prevented the escape of two prisoners during the progress of the gun battle. Not a single prisoner was lost to the institution, save those that were killed.

The execution of John Willis and three Mexicans at Tucson in the early 70's was one of the early instances of mob violence in Arizona, as recalled by a few of the other pioneers of the state. It was an expression of mob rule sounded as a note of warning to the unlawful, pioneers say, and it had a wholesome effect in lessening crime throughout the state.

Incidents dealing up to the execution are set forth as follows: One night in November, 1872, at Adamsville, Ariz., Colony Kennedy was slain by John Rogers. The body was abandoned near getting my scalp, too, and that of another girl, on the San Pedro river, where we were now. Like children, we went to gather wild flowers and wandered a little too far from the camp. An Indian was crawling up on us when a man on the wagon, on the lookout, saw our danger and called to us. After that we were afraid to leave the camp. We went on to Tucson, where we stopped for two days to rest our teams.

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ANOTHER TRIP TO THE HOUSE. Late that day some of the folks on the other side of the valley who had heard the shots came over to see what was the matter and they found the marshall's abuse. Mr. Raines said. Members of the Clanton gang then took a shotgun and accompanying him and Frank McLowery and Billy and Ike Clanton. They had been told that their presence in Tombstone was unnecessary. The Clanton gang was un-armed. Billy Clanton fell at the foot of the cliff on the morning of Oct. 26, they made plans to leave for their ranch home in the Babacomari mountains. The Clanton gang was in the O. K. corral, which fronted on two streets. Fearing trouble, they planned to leave by the rear gate on the south side of the corral. Tom McLowery and Billy Clanton were not armed, for the evening before both had their pistols taken from them by the city authorities. The other two had revolvers.

HIS FIRST TRIP TO ARIZONA WAS WHEN A BOY OF 18 YEARS

By George W. Kane, 17 South Central Avenue.

When I was but a boy of 18, I decided I wanted to go to Arizona, so I left the state of California and arrived in Tombstone in April, 1881.

In those days Tombstone was the biggest and best frontier town in the Southwest. My first acquaintance was Ben Goodrich, who now lives in Los Angeles. Others whom I met were Allen English of Tombstone, B. A. Fickas, now dead, and S. J. Tribolet, who lives in Phoenix.

I left Tombstone in the fall of that same year and went back to California, but in the fall of the next year I went to Flagstaff and Winslow, the Southern Pacific railroad, now the Southern Pacific, then being built. That winter I stayed in Prescott and met with several hard times. I stayed only a short time in Prescott, as times were too hard and there was no work for anyone, so I again went back to California.

Four years later, in April, 1886, I made another trip to Arizona and landed in Phoenix by way of Maricopa. I was stage driven by Jack Stewart, now one of the members of the board of supervisors. On our arrival we did not know ourselves, for we looked like a bunch of beggars. We had a fire the night of our arrival, the building on the northeast corner of First and Washington streets, where Korrick's pool stands, being destroyed. It was the property of James Cotton.

The first place I roomed in Phoenix was in the early 90's, but it was a very strange place, so different from those of the sedate east. But when I was in Phoenix, I was in a rough and wild life to the extent that it was spread out before me eyes on that eventful day when she arrived at her new home. Her husband had preceded her by about a year.

Shooting every hour of the day and night, with frequent killings, girls hanging in front of the saloons, "Whiskey Row" occupying a large part of the town—these were some of the unaccustomed sights that convinced the eastern woman that the really was in the wild and woolly west.

Even before she reached Prescott, Mrs. Osenbureg had an experience she never will forget.

The stage, to which eight horses were attached, was well guarded on this trip to Prescott through "Hell's Canyon" to Prescott through "Hell's Canyon" was infested with road agents and other outlaws and the stage driver and passengers had been warned to be on the lookout. To miss any of the stragglers which might fly as they entered "Hell's Canyon," the passengers were told to keep down in the bottom of the stage. All their money and jewelry had been left at the hotel in Ash Fork.

Sure enough, the road agents appeared and halted the stage. They were particularly looking for a sheep man who they expected would be a passenger with \$10,000 in his possession. But the sheep man had outwitted the robbers. He had hired a team and wagon to take him to the stage. The road agents, finding no money or jewelry on the passengers, departed without molesting them.

Life in Prescott was not dull. Mrs. Osenbureg recalls the town being filled with a cosmopolitan crowd of Chinese, Mexicans, Indians and white men and women, good and bad.

"I always kept my door locked," said Mrs. Osenbureg. "One day about a dozen Indians rapped at the door. I was alone. My husband had been at the store. I had an old rusty revolver with nothing in it. But I got this in my hand and went to the door. Maybe the Indians suspected the revolver was harmless and may not, but anyway they gave a big laugh and a yell and ran away down the street. The next morning the Indians surrounded the house, trying to get in. They were all drunk, and after making an attempt to break the windows they finally went away."

"Every night was a rough night, and Saturday night the worst of all. It was nothing for a man to be killed."

"And now look at Prescott," added Mrs. Osenbureg, with a smile. "See how nice it is. I go there every summer."

Jeff's New Ranch Hand Was Not Such a Tenderfoot As He Looked

The following interesting and amusing tale of the early days in Arizona has been contributed by B. Winger of this city. It concerns Jeff Adams, former sheriff of Maricopa county, who is known to thousands of people in the Southwest.

"In the good old days when there was no law, Jeff Adams came down to Phoenix from his cow camp in the ranch hand. He found one who was somewhat tall, very raw boned with fiery red hair, freckles the size of quarters, and innocent gray eyes. He claimed to be from Arkansas and wanted to know the west, so Jeff hired him, although he was somewhat dubious about his new employee's ability to take care of himself in what was then the Apache country around the home camp.

"The first work to be done was the building of corrals, and the new hand, although his looks were against him, did very well until one morning it was found that the horses were gone. Jeff took the trail and being afraid to leave the green hand alone, told him to follow. This the stranger did, but he was of a very inquisitive turn of mind—he simply had to investigate every new thing he saw.

"He was cautioned several times by Jeff to keep close to him, but there were Indians in that section. The green hand, however, continued to lag behind, although Jeff saw that the sun was getting low and that he must hurry if he hoped to find his horses. Suddenly, he saw where a fresh moccasin track had crossed the trail. Jeff became uneasy at this, for it was a sure sign that the Indians had the horses. Jeff and his companions were rounding a high ridge, a great red rock on each side of the trail, when a shot rang out on the still air. Jeff was certain that his companion was dead, but as it was not the custom those days to leave a comrade, he stopped his horse and began to crawl from one rock to another in the direction where he saw the green hand last, being wary of the danger of being struck by a wicked Apache bullet.

"After a long search for his companion, Jeff chanced to look over a big boulder on the low side of the trail and saw there his innocent companion with the fingers of one hand wound in the hair of a big Apache brave, and in the other hand an 'Arkansas toothpick' (bowie knife). The Arkansas looked up at Jeff with his innocent eyes and said:

"Say, Jeff, do you scalp these sons-of-guns? I want to send one to my mother as a souvenir."

When Mrs. Ellen Osenbureg, of 744 East Polk street, recently goes to Prescott each summer to spend the heated season, she cannot help but think of the great transformation which has taken place in that city

Supposed That Only Preachers Refused Liquor

Two amusing incidents of his early experience in Arizona were related recently by Dr. H. A. Hughes, one of the early physicians